

Angel of your presence

by [Deborah J. Shore](#) in the [February 23, 2022](#) issue

The hurricane that buffets me
seems to have You battered in its stream.

Scriptures that grounded or buoyed
are torn asunder and spiraling to sea.

Incongruous snippets mock my need.
Instead of stilling the storm,

they tatter; their ink begins to bleed
long serifs from “Shepherd” and Peace.”

“Repent,” “Accepted,” “Judgment,” and “Mire”
wear cloudy, inscrutable feet,

and the Shulamite’s keenest desire
is now to make the shadows flee.

But that’s the point, I think—
Your name, fragile in the fury

of human wrongs and suffering, read
as a circular lament, accusatory curse, or plea,

constitutes theodicy.

For I’m in You, and You’re in me,

and my world traffics in antinomies,
just as Yours kaleidoscopes in eyes and wings.